UNITY

FREEDOM. FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

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The Secret of Life

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLEY

Can We Test for Ethical Superiority?

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Chapter XV. By M. K. GANDHI

Japan from Within

Book Reviews by FREDERICK STARR

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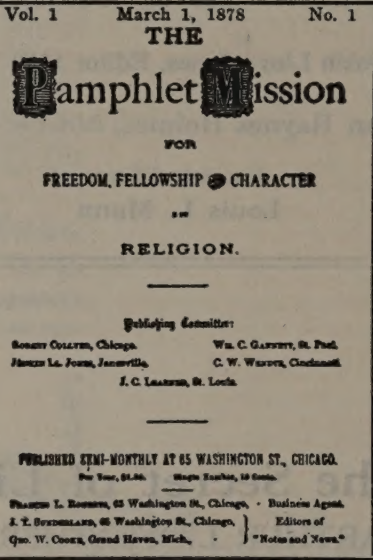

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has written his Autobiography entitled

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, JULY 19, 1926 NUMBER 21

A TRIBUTE TO GANDHI

"Among us, as I write, is dwelling for brief space, one whose presence is a benediction, and whose feet sanctify every house into which he enters—Gandhi, our Martyr and Saint. He, too, by strange ways was led into circumstances in which alone could flower all that he brought with him of patient, unwearying courage that naught might daunt, unselfishness that found its joy in sacrifice, endurance so sweetly gentle that its power was not readily understood. As I stood for a moment facing him, hand clasped in hand, I saw in him that deathless Spirit which redeems by suffering, and in death wins life for others; one of those marked out for the high service of becoming Saviors and Helpers of humanity. I, who tread the path of the warrior, not that of the Saint, who battle against enthroned injustice by assault, not by meekness, I recognize in this man, so frail and yet so mighty, one of those whose names live in history among those of whom it is said, 'He saved others; himself he could not save.'"

Annie Besant.

Register another stinging defeat for the administration—this time North Dakota, in the primary nomination of Mr. Nye as Republican candidate in the fall elections for the United States Senate! The regularity of these defeats is getting to be decidedly monotonous. First Illinois, then Indiana, then Pennsylvania, then Oregon, then Iowa, and now North Dakota! It seems to make no difference whether the ballots are cast in the East, the middle West, or the far West, in an agricultural state or an industrial state, in "wet" territory or "dry" territory, in every case the Calvin Coolidge, World Court, thick-and-thin old guard candidate is beaten, and the rank outsider elected. What this amazing phenomenon, which gives every indication of marching straight on, as in Wisconsin and Massachusetts, for example, really means is hard to say. The political wiseacres are all at sea, and our own thoughts on the subject are confused and uncertain. We would like to believe that the Senate's action in voting the United States into the World Court is the decisive issue, for we think the Senate deserves rebuke for betraying the nation in this matter. That this has its undoubted part in the results being registered, is shown conclusively by the fact that World Court advocates (McKinley, Pepper, Cummins) have without exception been repudiated, and World Court opponents (Watson, Brookhart, Nye) endorsed. We would also like to believe that this unbroken string of defeats for the administration means the awakening of the electorate to the almost ludicrous and therefore humiliating inadequacy of Mr. Coolidge as chief executive of the nation. Still more would we like to believe that these Senatorial primaries point to the end of the reaction which has engulfed the country in Stygian darkness since 1917, and to the beginning of another great period of liberalism. But we are certain of none of these explanations either in itself or in its relation to the others. All we are sure of is the fact that something big is happening. As Herbert Spencer would put it, a process of devolution is giving way once more to a new process of evolution. "Keeping cool with Coolidge" is now not so popular as getting hot with somebody else.

There was a time when the sources of great wealth were regarded as a question of profound moral concern, as a challenge to the conscience of the nation. We recall as one of the supremely quickening experiences of our youth the crusade launched by that great prophet, Washington Gladden, against what he called "tainted money." There was a distinctly lower tone, and always a suspicion of political insincerity, in Theodore Roosevelt's attack upon "malefactors of great wealth," but the moral challenge as to where and how a man gets his money was there all the same. Today this revulsion against ill-gotten income seems to have completely disappeared. But let a man get money in large quantities, and especially give enough of it away in conventional charities to qualify as a philanthropist, and he will be hailed as a great man, admired as a good man, showered with college degrees, granted the front pew in the churches, and promised a favored abode in heaven. Where this man's money comes from—by what sweated brows it has been earned, by what injustices of monopoly and exploitation it has been gathered, from what bent backs, hungry mouths, and broken hearts it has been wrung—all this is a matter of no interest or concern! We thought of this, the other day, when a certain distinguished rich man died amid the acclaim of multitudes for his bountiful philanthropies. This man's wealth came from the exploitation of a natural monopoly, in terms of a similar exploitation of labor and the people generally which

was as boundless as the charities which this wealth made possible. But we looked in vain for any recognition, let alone any indictment, of this fact. We thought of this again when President Angell, of Yale, in conferring a degree upon the new President of the University of Chicago, made flippant jest of the old scruples about "tainted money," and declared that, if there was any such money lying around unused, he for one would be glad to receive it. We know not how others may feel about this matter, but for ourselves we think that the comparison between today and yesterday is distinctly to the disadvantage of today. In the wholesale indifference of our time to this moral issue, we see a distinct lowering of the public conscience.

Professor Kelly Miller, distinguished Negro educator, has recently been listing some of the things that have been happening to the Negro in Washington this winter. Not much has been said about these matters, as the white folks and their press find it wise to keep things quiet. The more stern the duty, therefore, of Negroes and friends of Negroes to lift up their voices in protest and alarm. Listen to the story! The Interstate Commerce Commission has denied jurisdiction in interstate travel—which means the perpetuation in the nation of that foul disgrace, the "Jim Crow" car! The United States Senate has by decisive majority declined to reintroduce the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill. A provision for separate bathing beaches in Washington for whites and blacks has been passed by both houses of Congress and signed by a Massachusetts President—"the most conspicuous instance of race discrimination," says Professor Miller, "to be found anywhere in federal law." Lastly, and most serious of all, the Supreme Court of the United States by unanimous decision has declared covenants excluding colored people from buying, owning or occupying property in covenanted districts, to be not unconstitutional. Here are all the branches of the national government at work—executive, legislative, judicial—and all consenting to the miserable business of pressing down the Negro under an ever-increasing burden of discrimination and prejudice. We have times when we feel elated over the Negro question—the moment which saw the acquittal of Dr. Sweet in Detroit was one such time. There are other times when we feel discouraged—when I read this woeful record of things done against our black fellow-citizens this past winter at the capital of the nation, was one such time. Always, under all circumstances and in all moods, we know that the fight for the Negro is bitter, and the way for his feet long and hard. The more need for the whites who believe in brotherhood to battle shoulder to shoulder with him, and walk with him that cruel road.

Is there any vulgarity or degradation too gross for the man who thinks of his country exclusively in terms of power? Is there any depth of moral ugliness to which the ordinary type of patriotism will not sink if given a chance? Is there any limit to the sheer barbarism of a mind when poisoned by the virus of nationalism? These questions are suggested by the recent reading of an editorial in the Detroit *Free Press* of June 30th last. The writer had see a display in the windows of a large downtown department store of "a series of American flags of the Revolutionary period." Among these was "a replica of the famous 'Rattlesnake flag' with its sharp warning, 'Don't tread on me.'" Contemplating this marvelous symbol of national idealism, the *Free Press* editorialist was moved to write as follows:

> The rattlesnake has an exceedingly bad reputation, but reputation is not character, and the rattler really is quite a lot less wicked than he sometimes is painted. He is not an aggressive, predatory, belligerent creature like some of his Asiatic cousins. On the contrary, when left unmolested he is quite peaceful, and content to live his own life without interfering with other folks. He strikes only when it seems necessary, and before he does so he always gives warning to intruders and enemies to sheer off and avoid trouble.
>
> But the rattlesnake does believe thoroughly in preparedness. He keeps his armament ready for instant use, and when he feels obliged to protect himself he has the goods. It isn't safe to step on him.
>
> That is the way every country ought to be.
>
> And maybe a revival of the use of the old Rattlesnake flag on certain appropriate occasions wouldn't be altogether a bad thing in this land.

We wonder, as we peruse and ponder this exalted conception of America, why the rattlesnake should have such "an exceedingly bad reputation" as the editorialist is forced to concede, and what kind of a reputation this country, or any other country, would have if it adopted such a pattern of existence. This would be a lovely world, wouldn't it, if every nation were a snake rattling its warning against the innocent passerby, and cherishing its hidden sack of venom for his hideous destruction? The situation is bad enough with every nation a tiger "red in tooth and claw with ravin." But there is something majestic, if not less terrible, about a tiger as compared with a rattlesnake. Man is not wrong in associating with this poisonous reptile ideas not only of horror but of the loathsome qualities of cunning, treachery, rage, hate and death. And this is what this newspaper patriot would have our country be! Can savagery go any farther? Can morality, religion, human love and brotherhood be banished more completely from the heart? "We suppose," says the writer of this editorial, "that no real, dyed-in-the-wool pacifist passes this piece of bunting without a shudder." Thanks, brother, for

this suggestion that there are a few civilized people in this country, even though they be pacifists. But why—"even though"?

Still afraid of Russia—and with good reason! Nothing more baffling and terrifying has ever appeared on the horizon of our capitalistic civilization. We started out, first, to destroy the Soviet Republic by force of arms, and the Kolchaks and Yudenitches and Denikins fell upon her like wolves upon a stricken traveler. But they were all, by some miracle, beaten off. Then we undertook to destroy the Bolsheviki by propaganda, and lies fearsome beyond any ever conceived of by the human mind, came pouring out upon the world in one vast flood of poison. But "truth crushed to earth" in this case rose again, exactly as the poet proclaimed, and the campaign of falsehood has pretty much come to an end. Then we tried to get rid of Russia by refusing to recognize her—freezing her by our disdain, starving her by our neglect, annihilating her by our *hauteur*. But nothing happened, except the discovery that Russia could not be ignored, and Germany, Italy, England, France, all caved in one by one, leaving the United States to keep up the ridiculous business of non-recognition. Now a new movement is on—to destroy Russia by befriending her, taking her into the family, absorbing her into our life. But Russia won't play the game; she refuses to make terms with Poland, declines to sit in the projected arms conference, and flouts with easy scorn the League of Nations. Meanwhile, the Bolsheviki are on terms of delightful intimacy with Kemal, and the hated Turks are drawing closer and closer into political and economic alliance with outlawed Germany, are penetrating China in every part of that distracted country, and are gaining in prosperity and power at home with a speed which promises to make them within a generation the dominant influence both in Europe and in Asia. What wonder that our comfortable capitalistic world is alarmed! Russia is here to stay—and our world can neither live with her nor without her. What a predicament!

The Secret of Life

A tall, gaunt man joined me on the way. His face was that of one who had seen the whole of life, its joy and sorrow; its delights and agonies. Not knowing why, I followed up the mountain side. Up, up he climbed, over rocks and through thickets, slipping, falling, torn and bruised. Weary and aching, I followed, for I knew he held the secret of life. Not a word or glance behind, but with face turned ever ahead he went upward and I toiled after, ever expecting some glance, some word that would reveal life to me. All about were mighty boulders that water and frost had torn from the heart of the mountain. Ungainly trees with broken branches, gnarled roots that gripped the rocks, were scattered along the way.

The cold penetrated to my heart, but still I followed, for I knew he had the secret. The wind howled in the silent places, and again and again a huge boulder crashed down the mountain-side as if hurled by a Titan's hand. I was lonely, lonely. For never a word came from the leader. But the secret I must attain. I knew he had found it.

The way became dark. Huge, bat-like animals filled the air, but onward and upward the leader went. Now we came to a great open space. In the dim light I saw him turn and smile, a smile that lit up his face and filled his eyes with beauty. Then he said: "Come, and we will look at life. Having come so far, I know that you have no fear. You dare to see the whole of life, even the abyss; life unto the very bottom." He led me to the edge of a great precipice, and I looked down into immeasurable depths.

At first all was dark. Only dim figures in a cloud of mist could be seen. Then the outlines became more and more clear. I saw men trampling on men, and on women, and, Oh horror, on little children. I saw women with souls luring men to death. I saw greed in the faces of those whose forms were human. I saw hate in the eyes of those who walked upright. I saw agony in the faces of the weak, and pride in the faces of the strong. I saw envy and malice strike down gentleness and modesty. Men cursed and fought and thrust themselves to the top, only to sink again into swirling mass of humans. Then I saw faces that were hard and cruel, faces filled with lust and ambition. I saw ignorance and fear crouching beneath rocks, and brutal strength and vanity ruling over men.

The leader said no word, but looked at me compassionately and pityingly. My heart ached. My soul writhed in agony. But I still looked, for I must know the secret.

Then I saw that the chasm was widening into a valley. The mist lifted higher and higher and light gained over darkness. As I gazed I saw the sordid pantomime changing. As the valley widened, I saw here and there men whose faces were filled with the glory of an ineffable vision; women who were transfigured with the light of love. I saw men with children in their arms, women with babes at their breasts. There were the strong helping the

weak, and the weak aiding the fallen. Courage and patience reigned. I saw happy homes. I saw leaders of great causes, I saw heroic devotion of unknown men to high ideals, the deeds of courage, and the unheralded loyalty to duty. I saw schools and farms. I heard sayings of cheer, and words of hope. I saw men marching to a celestial music, which I heard in the far off distance.

I looked for the bottom, the horrid remnant of the beast, and it was no longer to be seen. It was covered by the deeds of humans, by the glory of the divine. I turned to utter words of thanks to the leader, but he was gone. I turned again to view the valley, and I saw instead the valley of my boyhood and manhood, the homes where live my friends and neighbors, and the cottage on whose door-step sat my beloved, and in whose yard my child played.

Then I knew I had entered into the heart of things, and I had the secret of life.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Can We Test for Ethical Superiority?

VI.

The fifth and last test which we shall propose grows naturally out of the fourth. The ethically superior person is one who is not only habitually conscious of his social relations, but is one who assumes his rightful share of responsibility for social conditions. There is a vast difference between the person who lives a life void of crime or sin but who is restricted to a narrow, selfish world, and a person who voluntarily takes upon himself the moral obligations of world citizenship. While these two types may live in the same century, and be biologically of the same variety, there is enough difference between them to make them ethically separated into distinct species.

The supreme moral genius is the one who endeavors to liberate, purify, strengthen and fulfill the whole human race. He may be confined by insurmountable barriers from living a completely world life. His influence may not reach into every clime and time. But at least he aims at a universal ethical ideal, his work is not consciously or purposely limited to a nation, sect or race. He strives to lift his share, or more than his share of the world's burden. He voluntarily enlists in the desperate fight for raising the level of man's life.

This struggle must of course be guided by intelligence, and it must be kept within the realm of the humanly possible. It must avoid fanaticism and that form of fierce bigotry which sometimes mars the mental make-up of the zealot. The superior reformer may be easily caricatured; but when all allowance is made for the little man who fails to do the big thing in a big way, the real moral genius is the highest type of man known. He possesses vision without which the people perish; he is not crushed into hopelessness by the greatness of his task, nor will he become soured or embittered by disillusion. He will sedulously avoid that blatant egotism and intolerant assumption of always being right, which are the special temptations of the reformer. The truly great man, from the ethical point of view, is one who does his work with terrible earnestness and passion. He realizes that the evolution of righteousness and justice depend upon him, therefore his words will sting like whips of scorpions, but his heart will be tender. He will do battle like a giant, but he will be filled with sweetness and light. He will fulfill the high mission set for him in George Eliot's famous lines, living in

> pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end in self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
> And with their mild persistence urge man's search
> To vaster issues.

It is easy to understand why so pityfully few men and women rise to these heights of ethical superiority, attaining greatness of purpose, accepting their share of moral responsibility for mankind's progress. The reason is to be found in the limitation of our original endowment, and the conditions of life under which man has evolved.

Altruism on the small scale, which accounts for much of the good performed in the world, seems to be implanted in the biological organism, and thus it possesses the propulsive power of innate reflexes, instincts or tendencies. Romantic love, care of children, sacrifice for those of close family tie and near friends, seem to be implanted in primitive human nature, and to have persevered through centuries of evolution with undiminished vitality. Therefore there are always multitudes who gladly assume responsibility for small "face to face" groups, where the issues are personal, and where they are suffused with the impervious tendencies of the primitive. The fierce altruism of the mother for her brood is of this type. In fact, so impelling is this maternal love, that many have refused to classify it as altruism. The child is logically an "alter," but biologically, it is a part of the mother's ego, especially in the early years of its life. It is thus easy to account for that assumption of responsibility for the family which is so frequently met

with, and which is the largest reach of the ethical life ever experienced by multitudes.

But when we examine the biological and psychological bases of the larger altruism which involves geographical distance, difference of race, creed and party, abstract principles, and rights of others far removed from our own personal sphere of life, we see a very different situation. It would be directly contrary to the assumptions of the previous installment of this series to state that these non "face to face" groups, abstract principles and seemingly foreign situations are not actually an integral part of our own lives. Graham Wallas in his "Great Society" has illumined the fact that the wash woman scrubbing floors may be dependent upon our modern international financial structure for her livelihood. It is platitudinous to say that we are all caught in a nexus of relationships which reach around the world. We cannot say that economically or sociologically the scrub woman is an ego and the members of congress or the stock-exchange are wholly "alters." One is a function of the other in a very real sense.

But the difficulty from the ethical point of view inheres in the lack of biological or psychological imperative, commanding us to live as if we were thus integrated. Our physiological mechanism was not born with innate reflexes, instincts or tendencies which impel us to a recognition of our larger social relationships and responsibilities. Primitive man originated in a condition of provincialism. His innate capacities and endowments seem to be adapted to primary groups where personal relations have the warmth and urgency of immediacy. As the modern Great Society has evolved, adding innumerable inventions and cultural achievements to its original simple farms, man himself has not been adding to his innate qualities through a similar system of passing on his acquired characteristics. He remains biologically a primitive, while he lives sociologically and ethically in an extremely advanced state of culture. Thus we have the important distinction between individual evolution and social evolution. The lines, as Prof. Ogburn has shown in his "Social Change," do not run parallel, and they do not follow the same laws.

To put the matter in a nutshell; while we live in a new enlarged world socially and ethically, we live in a very old and provincial world biologically. With our innate endowment harking back to primitive origins, and with the necessities of modern life calling toward more complex and universal civilization, a struggle takes place. There are multitudes who answer the "call of the wild," and who consequently live small, circumscribed lives within the primitive groupings of family and neighborhood. We must not cast these out as being ethically valueless, for they may live lives of consecration, loyalty and self-sacrifice. They are good in every accepted sense of the term. But they are not thereby ethically great. They do not rise to the noblest measure of goodness. This involves rising above the primitive urges of local altruisms and provincialisms, to large world issues. When life moves to world proportions, morality expands to include the universal.

It has been said that "out of the heart are the issues of life," which is undoubtedly true; but it is also true, that out of the world are the issues of life. Therefore the ethically superior person is one who has the courage, intelligence, power, and consecration to live a life in big terms, assuming responsibility for situations beyond his provincial interests, springing forward to fight for truth and righteousness wherever they may be embattled. He fights against the hereditary forces which would drag him back to an outgrown age, and he struggles against the life of ease which steals subtly on him, lulling him to the dangers of self-satisfaction and self-centeredness. He is the hero of whom Charlotte Perkins Stetson writes:

> It takes great strength to train
> To modern service your ancestral brain;
> To lift the weight of the unnumbered years
> Of dead men's habits, methods and ideas;
> To hold that back with one hand, and support
> With the other the weak steps of a new thought.

Finis.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

UNITY has just secured a new subscriber in Czecho-Slovakia. This adds one more to the list of foreign countries to which our paper is mailed each week. This list now includes *twenty-five* countries in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, the two Americas, and islands of the sea.

Attorney-General Webb, of California, has ruled that children attending schools in that state cannot be asked to write essays on communism, since this would require a study of communism which is illegal. Under such a dictum as this, how do the children in the Sunday schools of California learn about Christianity?

In "The Foolish Dictionary," published in 1904, appears the following definition of War:

> War—a wholesale means of making heroes which, if planned in a small way, would produce only murderers.

Folly here, as so often elsewhere, is very near akin to wisdom.

Lloyd-George says that, if Christ had come to London during the great strike, "his utterances would have been excluded from the *British Gazette* (by) the editorial blue pencil of Winston Churchill," and that "the Home Secretary would have had him watched as a dangerous character, preaching doctrines and principles subversive of our institutions." True enough! But we wonder, if Christ had come to London during the Great War, what Lloyd-George would have done to him. Hanging would have been too good for the Nazarene pacifist.

Dean Inge:

Capitalism is the best social state conceivable to man's mind. It has God's approval.

Emile de Lavelaye:

If Christianity were taught and understood conformably to the spirit of its founder, the existing social organism could not last a day.

Which man is right?

We cannot provide pensions for invalids and at the same time provide funds for military training. * * * All consciences must revolt at the idea of producing new invalids.

It was a member of the Hungarian Parliament who said this—not, as we might have wished, an American Congressman.

J. H. H.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

I gladly give space to the following letter of our esteemed friend, Dr. Charles F. Dole, touching upon some remarks I recently made in this column about conditions in the Hawaiian islands. I referred to the "children of missionaries" in a way that would portray them as having an undue proportion of the lands and other good things. Also, I mentioned the conflict between the whites and the colored people as being more serious than is really the case. Whatever competition exists, he tells me, is between individuals and not at all between educated Japanese and Americans. But Dr. Dole's letter will speak for itself:

I was about to write a word in re your remarks in UNITY of May 10 about Japanese citizens in the Hawaiian islands. My son from Honolulu is just now here. I showed him your paragraphs. I think he knows Hawaiian conditions well enough to be trusted. He says that the newspaper story that has evidently misled you is from the Hearst papers. I had heard of the story which sounded at once as a pure piece of imagination. So far as there is a basis it is, I judge, entirely creditable to the sense of justice among the Americans in the Islands. The Japanese-Americans, that is, people of Japanese descent but born voters in Hawaii, had been subjected, whenever they exercised the rights of visiting the mainland, to such bothersome and vexatious red-tape as characterizes too often the performances of the custom house and the immigration office group, especially when they come in contact with Orientals. How often have you and I been outraged by the report of the conduct of the alien officers of our government. At last, and very properly, you will agree, members of the Territorial Legislature and the Governor also were moved to make representations in Washington so as to abate this species of mischief and to secure to the oriental-born voters the same freedom of coming and going to the continent that always belonged to them by constitutional right, and such as you and I and white men generally enjoy. This freedom could not be refused, when once the claim was taken to headquarters.

I have spent quite a little time in Hawaii at four different periods and I never heard any such news as that the Japanese group, or the admirable Chinese contingent, are crowding on the economic and political privileges of the children of the missionaries, or that there is any disposition to rid the Islands of their presence. So far as they are workers, they are highly appreciated as an important element in the economic life. Differences have sometimes arisen as they always do on this very unfinished planet, but one has to think hard to discern any working population where the betterment of human conditions has been more marked, or where the labor contingent has entered more considerably into their share of the prosperity of the country than one finds in Hawaii.

I doubt if the "missionary" group figure as largely as some think who have never visited the Territory. I have never been able to learn that, as a group, they have ever been given a clutch, for example, upon the lands, or that in any way individuals among them have "exploited" the natives. You know that I do not at all approve of our Anglo-Saxon scheme of land-holding. There can be no rightful inheritance of the natural resources of the earth allowing individuals to have and to hold for ever. But I think there is much more public land in Hawaii on which the *natives* of any breed (Japanese e. g.) can take up homesteads on easy terms, than we have in New England. In short, I don't know of any part of our boasted "Christendom" where the emigrants of every color have been freer, on the whole to "exploit" the opportunities that a comparatively new country offers than Hawaii. To exploit in its decent sense does not mean to rob and oppress men, but to utilize all sorts of opportunities. Thus, just now the Filipinos are coming over to Hawaii to exploit the opening that makes Hawaii a far better place to live in than their own Islands are likely to offer for a long time. Isn't it all a process of evolution, in which we are oftentimes distressed at the roughness of the efforts, yet in spite of which we do see, for instance, various races in Hawaii winning access to splendidly supported schools such as their own home people never dreamed of.

Everywhere parents are wondering how their children can make a living. We say: Educate them in the hope that they shall somehow feel the common human duty to be useful. In this everlasting problem of the world we all travail in more or less pain together. There is quite a gulf from where we are to where we want to be!

"Forgive all this. But will you not yourself be kindly willing to set right that rather slanderous story of the Hearst people."

II

America is an interesting land, but like interesting people often perplexing and disappointing. One is constantly reminded that Americans are a mixed lot. This is at once their strength and weakness. Life is almost like a race of races. One of our local daily papers e.g. brought off a competitive walking race yesterday, of 52 miles. At midnight over 500 people started. Of course, many "fell by the wayside." Harry Raub won, going over the 52 miles, in nine hours, fifty-eight minutes. The second to finish was Ray Ispell, a colored young man, fourteen minutes behind. Here are the names of the next four, Russell Stuart, Arthur E. Carrock, C. E. Green, Charles Drennan. You may guess their nationality. A number of women entered the contest, several of them doing well.

Coming from my breakfast, this morning, I passed the home of a neighbor. He has a garden of

fine looking vegetables, although the earwigs are giving him a battle. People, as they pass his garden, stop and look. He is an Italian. My companion remarked, "Italians are good gardeners." A very good civic virtue, it occurred to me. For, what would become of the king and governors, if there were no cabbages and onions. At the back of this neighbor's lot I noted a recently constructed garage, on it a sign, "For rent." The Italian had no automobile of his own. He was starting in business. In this kaleidescopic America, Italians make good citizens.

III

Here's a news item that is probably symtomatic. The Presbyterian Church of America is out for a pension-fund, for ministers over sixty-five, with a reserve of 15 million dollars. The two "eminent laymen" heading the efforts are Will H. Hays and Andrew W. Mellon. Hays is the controlling head of the moving picture business in the country while Mellon is treasurer of the U. S. A. and incidentally one of the richest men in the land, if not the richest. He was a large owner in liquor factories and at present large owner, if not controller of the Aluminum Corporation, which just escaped by the skin of its teeth a governmental inquiry on serious charges. It is only fair to say that such combinations as pensions for ministers and rich men do not favorably impress those who discern a connection between a well-kept clergy and privileged domination. The overthrow of the "church" in Russia and Turkey and Mexico, etc., in the interests of freedom is not forgotten by those who see a pension system springing up in the Presbyterian Church.

IV

And here is an interesting incident. The Secretary of the Navy, Wilbur, is pleading before the country for the "saving of 'Old Ironsides'" a frigate of the Revolutionary War. It will be for the preservation of "a sacred memory." The Egyptians were noted for their art of preserving mummies. The saving of a lock of hair in the family Bible and the saving of a Revolutionary War fighting ship, I suspect, spring from the same root. Monuments of the past, especially of past quarrels, might well be allowed to go into oblivion. But the patriotic appeal, in America as in other lands, is a mighty lever for a new appropriation of money. (Nationalism is an expensive civic virtue.)

In America, I fear, patriotism runs riot, at least in spots. Quite lately several "flag" incidents have occurred. Foreigners have noticed, for many years, that Americans were quite keen to have the flag in evidence. I recall seeing a party of American boys in England, touring the country on bicycles, and each one had in his outside pocket a little flag. A good-natured onlooker said to them, "Boys, you needn't carry the flag; people can tell where you come from without it." One super-heated Congressman actually introduced a bill providing for the punishment of any disrespect paid to the national anthem, (the Star Spangled Banner, that has never been made by law or practice a national anthem) or to the national flag. This bill provides that any criticism of the anthem or the flag will carry a possible sentence up to five years imprisonment and $10,000 fine. This is not likely to go into law, but it shows the drift of things.

But here is something that has actually occurred, even more serious, if carried out logically into the nation's life. Only day before yesterday, in Bellingham, of the state of Washington, Judge W. P. Brown, of the superior court, took away the custody of Russell Tremain, nine year old boy, from his parents, both living, and vested it finally in the Children's Home Society, which was empowered by the court to adopt the boy out to a "Christian home." The ground was not because they were not religious, for they belong to what would be considered by some an over-religious sect, the Russellites, who believe in the near-coming of Christ. The entire ground for the action of the court was because they refused to let him salute the flag in school. They considered the exercise to be idolatry. The judge said,

> If such an act on the part of the parents is not placing the child in danger of growing up to lead an idle, dissolute and immoral life, then I am unable to understand what would be. * * * For such is teaching the child not to love his country, respect its flag and the institutions for which it stands, and it inculcates in such child a feeling to disregard all law. * * * If a home where such disregard of law is taught is not an unfit place to raise a child, then I am unable to understand what home would be unfit.

There will be other cases, doubtless, as these parents have neither the ability nor inclination to fight. Such patriotic intolerance may run a year or more. On a small scale, it is similar to Ku Klux Klanism, which disease is moderating and disappearing. America has many of what might be called "children's diseases" and this attack of fever of patriotism that separates a nine year old boy from his parents, who are intelligent and respectable, will be found to be unconstitutional.

America being a long way from the War and its sufferings was visited by many attacks of hysteria. It is easy for governments to do wrong, but almost impossible to admit it. Governments seldom believe that "confession is good for the soul." Suppose the Pope or the President were to seek pardon for their errors—why, many feel the heavens would fall. Suppose the priests and mayors would go into the "Peoples Confessional". Governments so rarely acknowledge mistakes. This is one reason why progress is so slow. For example, nine years ago when America was sliding into the War, the Seattle School Board voted to drop German from the curriculum. They really made a tactical blunder, for to know German would have made a more efficient soldier. Last week, after nine long years, the School Board reinstated the teaching of German, even this under handicapping conditions. All this makes life in America interesting, though perplexing at times and hard on those who suffer—the minority.

SYDNEY STRONG.

QUATRAIN*

Oh, the grim weary shame that we to-day
Must follow on an old familiar way,
With Truth doomed ever to a bondman's fate,
Justice a pauper, begging at the gate.

LUCIA TRENT.

For UNITY.

*"This came to me after reading about the Sacco-Vanzetti case."—L. T.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

CHAPTER XV

Playing the English Gentleman

My faith in vegetarianism grew on me from day to day. Salt's book whetted my appetite for dietetic studies. I went in for all books available on vegetarianism and read them. One of these, Howard Williams' "The Ethics of Diet" was a "biographical history of the literature of humane dietetics from the earliest period to the present day," and tried to make out that all philosophers and prophets from Pythagoras and Jesus down to those of the present age were vegetarians. Dr. Mrs. Anna Kingsford's "The perfect way in Diet" was also an attractive book. Dr. Allinson's writings on health and hygiene were likewise helpful. He advocated a curative system based on regulation of the dietary of patients. Himself a vegetarian, he prescribed to his patients also a strictly vegetarian diet. The result of reading all this literature was that dietetic experiments came to take an important place in my life. Health was the principal consideration of these experiments, to begin with. But later on religion became the supreme motive.

Meanwhile my friend had not ceased to worry about me. His love for me led him to think that if I persisted in my objections to meat-eating, I should not only develop a weak constitution, but should remain a duffer; because I would never feel at home in English society. When he came to know that I had begun to interest myself in books on vegetarianism, he was afraid, lest these studies should muddle my head; that I should fritter my life away in experiments, forgetting my own work, and become a crank. He therefore made one last effort to reform me. He one day invited me to go to the theatre. Before the play we were to dine together at the Holborn Restaurant, to me a palatial place and the first big restaurant I had been to since leaving the Victoria Hotel. The stay at that hotel had scarcely been a helpful experience for I had not lived there with my wits about me. The friend had planned to take me to this restaurant evidently imagining that modesty would forbid any questions. And it was a very big company of diners in the midst of which my friend and I sat sharing a table between us. The first course was soup. I wondered what it might be made of, but dare not ask the friend about it. I therefore summoned the waiter. My friend saw the movement and sternly asked across the table what the matter was. With considerable hesitation I told him that I wanted to inquire if the soup was a vegetable soup. "You are too clumsy for decent society," he passionately exclaimed. "If you cannot behave yourself, you had better go. Feed in some other restaurant and await me outside." This delighted me. Out I went. There was a vegetarian restaurant close by, but it was closed. So I went without food that night. I accompanied the friend to the theatre, but he never said a word about the scene I had created. On my part, of course there was nothing to say.

That was the last friendly brush we had. It did not affect our relations in the least. I could see and appreciate the love with which all my friend's efforts were actuated, and my respect for him was all the greater for our differences in thought and action.

But I decided that I should put him at ease; that I should assure him that I would be clumsy no more, but try to become polished and make up for my vegetarianism by cultivating other accomplishments which fitted one for polite society.

And for this purpose I undertook the all too impossible task of becoming an English gentleman.

The clothes after the Bombay cut that I was wearing were, I thought, unsuitable for English society and I got new ones at the Army and Navy Stores. I also went in for a chimney-pot hat costing nineteen shillings—an excessive price in those days. Not content with this, I wasted ten pounds on an evening suit made in Bond Street, the focus of fashionable life in London; and got my good and noble-hearted brother to send me a double watch-chain of gold. It was not correct to wear a ready-made tie and I learned the art of tying one for myself. When in India the mirror had been a luxury permitted on the days when the family barber gave me a shave. Here I wasted ten minutes every day before a huge mirror watching myself arranging my tie and parting my hair in the correct fashion. My hair was by no means soft and every day it meant a regular struggle with the brush to keep the hair in position. Each time the hat was put on and off the hand would automatically move towards the head to adjust the hair, not to mention the other civilized habit of the hand every now and then operating for the purpose when sitting in polished society.

As if all this were not enough to make me look the thing, I directed my attention to other details that were supposed to go towards the making of an English gentleman. I was told it was necessary for me to take lessons in dancing, French and elocution. French was not only the language of neighboring France, but it was the *lingua franca* of the Continent over which I had a desire to travel. I decided to take dancing lessons at a class and paid down £3 as fees for a term. I must have taken about six lessons in three weeks. But it was beyond me to achieve anything like rhythmic motion. I could not follow the piano and hence found it impossible to keep time. What then was I to do? The recluse in the fable kept a cat to keep off the rats, and then a cow to feed the cat with milk, and a man to keep the cow and so on. My ambition also grew like the family of the recluse. I thought I should learn to play the violin in order to cultivate an ear for Western music. So I invested £3 in a violin and something more in fees. I sought a third teacher to give me lessons in elocution and paid him a preliminary fee of a guinea. He recommended Bell's

Standard Elocutionist as the text-book, which I purchased. And I began with a speech of Pitt's.

But Mr. Bell rang the bell of alarm in my ear and I awoke.

I had not to spend a life-time in England, I said to myself. What then was the use of learning elocution? And how could dancing make a gentleman of me? The violin I could learn even in India. I was a student and ought to go on with my studies. I should qualify myself to join the Inns of Court. If my character made a gentleman of me, so much the better. Otherwise I should forego the ambition.

These and similar thoughts possessed me and I expressed them in a letter which I addressed to the elocution teacher requesting him to excuse me from further lessons. I had taken only two or three. I wrote a similar letter to the dancing teacher and went personally to the violin teacher with a request to dispose of the violin for any price it might bring. She was rather friendly to me, so I told her how I had discovered that I was pursuing a false ideal. She encouraged me in the determination to make a complete change.

This infatuation must have lasted about three months. The punctiliousness in dress persisted for years. But henceforward I became a student.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

M. K. GANDHI.

Thoughts on Religion

Everywhere we are suffering from an intricate and artificial network behind which power hides itself, and thus appears impersonal and even ghastly. For power tries to appear as frightful as it can, and in this way has become such an abstraction all over the world that a great struggle is going on in order to throw off its obsession. The best thing for us is not to be straining, but to be perfectly true to ourselves, to be natural and never to think what the world outside may think or do, to stand straight, to live in the faith of something perfect. But this constant struggle against what is negative, is useless, for it knows the black magic of taking shelter from one shape into another. You cannot attack darkness with weapons. You must bring in the light, which is simple. This may not seem heroic, some people will say, but if we can live constantly in the consciousness of Truth quite simply, everything will be accomplished.

* * * *

We have to be true, however difficult it may be to keep our composure in the turmoil of today, of this immense pull, of what we have come to call progress. Such progress is only an active form of inertia, for it does not know where it is going to stop. It is like a crowd in which those behind are pressing on those in front, whilst those in front go on not knowing where or why they go. It is for us to stand firm, to discover the serene touch of the eternal, to plunge into the heart of the Infinite every day, to renew our faith before the day's toil makes things dirty and fragmentary. Each morning we make a clean beginning and unless with each morning our faith is made fresh we get tired with the turmoil. Every day we should steep our hearts in the foundation of peace. We in India believe in what we call meditation, in the great efficacy of this renewal of life by daily taking our dip, as it were, into the heart of Truth. In our prayer it is said: "Lead us from the unreal to the real, from darkness unto light, from death to immortality."

* * * *

My father strung these sayings from the Upanishads and I have come only gradually to know their meaning. Often, when I was young, I thought of them as being above my head, and I refused to accept anything from outside, even from my father who had his great reputation as a Maharishi, that is a great rishi or sage. Somehow I was rebellious and religious teaching was so wearisome to me that I would have nothing to do with such texts from our Upanishads. My people therefore all thought I would grow up an atheist. Then I began to understand the meaning of these sayings in the light of my own experience, and though I often find that my interpretation does not coincide with that of the scholars, yet I believe it to be true. For this reason I do not believe in the teaching of religion. I think that each of us has to discover God for himself. It is because religion has been made so easy for us, because people talk about God so easily, that our religion no longer helps us. God has to be revealed to everyone of us by different paths, and each of us must truly find its own God. Some kind of standardized religion does not help us; it may lead us to a kind of piety, but it cannot be a real religion. For each of us there is a secret chamber that God Himself must unlock, and we must meet Him there in the innermost secret of our hearts. This is a place that no "Guru" can ever reach. We have to make our own mistakes. We have to find out our own secret and offer it to our God.

* * * *

When we come to believe that we are in possession of our God because we belong to some particular sect it gives us such a complete sense of comfort, that God is needed no longer except for quarrelling with others whose idea of God differs from ours in theoretical details.

* * * *

Having been able to make provision for our God in some shadow-land of creed we feel free to reserve all the space for ourselves in the world of reality, ridding it of the wonder of the infinite, making it as trivial as our own household furniture. Such unlimited vulgarity only becomes possible when we have no doubt in our minds that we believe in God while our life ignores Him.

* * * *

The pious man of sect is proud, because he is confident of his right of possession in God. The man of devotion is meek, because he is conscious of God's light of love over his life and soul. The object of our possession becomes smaller than ourselves, and without acknowledging it in so many words, the bigoted sectarian has an implicit belief that God can be kept secured for certain individuals in a cage, which is of their own make. In a similar manner, the primitive races of men believe that their ceremonials have a magic influence upon their deities. Sectarianism is a perverse form of worldliness, in the disguise of religion; it breeds a narrowness of heart in a greater measure than the cult of the world based upon material

interest can ever do. For undisguised pursuit of self has its safety in its openness, like filth exposed to the sun and air. But the self-magnification, with its consequent lessening of God, that goes on unchecked under the cover of sectarianism, loses its chance of salvation because it defiles the very source of purity.

* * * *

Religion, like poetry, is not a mere idea, it is expression. The self-expression of God is in the endless variedness of creation; and our attitude towards the Infinite Being must also in its expression have a variedness of individuality, ceaseless and unending. Those sects which jealously build their boundaries with too rigid creeds, excluding all spontaneous movement of the living spirit, may keep hoarded their theology, but they kill religion.

* * * *

The attempt to make the one religion which is their own, prevail for all times and space, comes naturally to men addicted to sectarianism. This makes it offensive to them to be told that God is generous in his distribution of love, and his means of communication with men have not been restricted to a blind lane abruptly stopping at one historical point of time and place. If humanity ever happens to be overwhelmed with a catastrophe of a universal flood of one religion, then God will have to make provision for another Noah's Ark to save his creatures from a spiritual destruction.

* * * *

When religion is in the complete possession of the sect and is made smooth to the level of a monotonous average, it becomes correct and comfortable, but loses the living Spirit of art. For art is the expression of the universal through the individual; and religion, in its outer aspect, is the art of the human soul. It also becomes a matter of pride and a sign of superior culture to be able to outrage all codes of decency imposed by an authorized religion bearing the stamp of approval of an organization which can persecute, but has not the power to persuade.

* * * *

As an analogous phenomenon, we have known literary men deliberately cultivating a dread of whatever has the reputation of goodness, and also men of art afraid of being suspected as lover of the beautiful. They rebel against the fact that what is proper and what is true in beauty and in goodness have become mixed up in men's mind. The appraisement of what is proper does not require any degree of culture or natural sensitiveness of mind, and therefore it fetches a ready price in the market, outbids truth, becomes petty in its tyranny and leaves smudges of vulgarity upon things that are precious. To rescue truth from the dungeon of propriety has ever been the mission of poets and artists, but in the time of revolution they are apt to go further by rejecting truth itself.

* * * *

In our epic, Ramayana, we find that when Prince Ramachandra won back his wife from the clutches of the giant who had abducted her his people clamored for her rejection, suspecting defilement. Similarly in art, fastidious men of culture are clamoring for the banishment of the beautiful, because she has been allowed to remain so long in the possession of propriety.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Current Thought, Madras, India.

Japan From Within

A strange career has been that of Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto, who tells her story in "A Daughter of the Samurai."[1] Her narrative is told with wonderful charm and beauty. She was born in far northern Japan, where winters are cold and snows are heavy. It was the stronghold of the last faithful retainers of the Tokugawa shoguns and Etsu Inagaki's father was one of those retainers, who suffered for his loyalty and went down with the lost cause. Loyalty to the Shogun was not necessarily disloyalty to the Mikado. There were sound and valid bases for a difference of opinion in those great days as to the policies to be pursued in the Restoration. Etsu Inagaki gives us her earliest memories of the fine and beautiful things of the old life—of her father and mother, of the servants, of the honorable grandmother in the home, of the long-mysterious honorable Yedo grandmother. The child had been dedicated from birth to a *religious* life and she describes the training to which she was subjected, for that end. It is a touching story, beautifully told. Few women could tell such an one from their own experience. Few, even at that time, knew and felt the significance of Japanese life as she; few indeed could, today, feel and describe it as she does. But she has had a double life. Her brother, renegade from the old home, returned from America as family-head, when his father died. The girl who was to have been a *religeuse,* trained in Buddhist-Shinto-Confucianism became a Christian; in payment of her brother's obligations, she journeyed to America and married a hustling, successful, westernized Japanese man in business life. Here were new surroundings, new duties, new friends. Sugimoto was a good husband, an indulgent father; when he died, his widow was left with two little girls—Americans or Japanese, neither or both—for training and education. They are *her* children, but they belong to *his* family. She cherishes hopes and desires; his people have the decisive word. The story is beautiful, but sad. She loved the old life, found it beautiful, depicts it charmingly; but she found it artificial and constrained; she longed for the greater freedom of the west. She has abandoned the old religion for the new; she dedicates her book to two mothers; today, she gives instruction in Japanese language and history in Columbia University. The title page of the book says that it tells "how a daughter of feudal Japan, living hundreds of years in one generation, became a modern American." What does it all mean? Can a woman have two mothers? One may easily be at once Buddhist, Shintoist, and Confucianist. Only Japanese seem to see a harmonization of Christianity with something else! Mrs. Sugimoto buried her mother according to Buddhist rites, as she should. She says:

My minister was sorely troubled that I should have observed these last Buddhist rites. * * * I told him that,

1. A Daughter of the Samurai. Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto. New York: 1925. Doubleday, Page & Co., 16°. pp. xv.(i). 314.

had I died even one day after I became a Christian, my mother would have been faithful * * * in giving me the Christian burial. * * *

She is right. Her mother was brought up in a tolerant religion; her minister was not. And the honorable grandmother, restrained by formalities!

Listen, said the Grandmother, holding herself very straight. Little Granddaughter, unless the red barbarians and the children of the gods learn each others' hearts, the ships may sail and sail, but the two lands will never be nearer.

But it is useless to expect the rapproachment to come altogether from the one side. Etsu Inagaki's Japan has desired friendship and, trained by tolerant creeds, has been ready to meet on common ground; Mrs. Sugimoto's America, trained in intolerance, rejects the gesture.

If Mrs. Sugimoto's book leaves us with a feeling of sadness as well as delight, Mr. Kagawa's "Before the Dawn"[2] leaves us completely depressed. It is the life-story of a Japanese who became a Christian. The book was written in Japanese for Japanese readers. It had a great reception. Translated into English it "met with a huge sale that approximated half a million copies in Japan and the East." The original title of the book was *"Shison wo Koete"* (across the Deathline). The American publishers have changed the name to "Before the Dawn," unfortunately we think. The book purports to be fiction, a novel; it is clearly an autobiography —the story of a *disequilibré,* who parades himself with joy before his disordered fancy. Kagawa is much admired by some foreigners in Japan, and much has been made of him and his work. He is still under fifty years of age. Once a student in Maiji Gakuin, a mission school in Tokyo, he later studied in Kobe and then came to this country where he studied in Princeton University and Theological Seminary. The story of Eiichi, as he tells it, is that of a most unwholesome character. Of the author, the translator says:

Mr. Kagawa is not merely a charity worker and Christian teacher. He takes a strong interest in the labor movement and is at present Secretary of the Japan Labor Federation. * * * In 1921 Mr. Kagawa took part in encouraging the men in the great strike at the Kawasaki Shipbuilding Yard at Kobe, for which he was arrested and detained, but released without any charge being brought against him. In regard to his political opinions Mr. Kagawa describes himself as a "Guild Socialist," but there is nothing militant about his socialism.

"Before the Dawn" is the story of this man. The hero, Eiichi, is followed from the moment when he left the mission school, up to the time when he encourages the Kawasaki strikers. He is a rebel against all conventions; he cuts all natural ties; he drifts to the slums, where he revels in description of wretchedness and woe; he is dispenser of alms, supplied by others, with complete lack of foresight and result; he instigates the strikers, but leaves them in the lurch when the court discharges him. The story is astonishing and vividly told; it has had enormous success, because it is gruesome and unwholesome. Probably by now, Mr. Kagawa is scattering his own money among his slum people. The English translator, Mr. Satchell, says:

Although the labors of his pen have now brought him fame and fortune he has announced his decision that he will continue to live in the slums until he dies.

2. **Before the Dawn.** Toyohiko Kagawa. New York: 1924. George H. Doran Co. 16°. pp. xiv. 398.

The nature of his important book, "Manchuria," a survey, is adequately stated by Mr. Adachi in his foreword:

This is a story of what Manchuria has and what she is making of it,—a story of her crops, her mines and of her forest wealth. It is also a story of what all these mean to Nippon.

The book is a handsome volume, packed with important matter, most of which is absolutely new to American readers. It is the record of a growth and development, among the most remarkable of all time. Nations have struggled over Manchuria in the past; it is not impossible that it will be the arena of struggle in the future. No wonder that Russia desired to secure its wealth and opportunity. A part of the Chinese Empire of the nineteenth century, it was a field for expansion and high hopes to the colossus of the north, which was slowly pressing onward with apparently irresistible force. It was Manchuria and its opportunity that caused the Russo-Japanese war. It was Manchuria that inflamed the hopes and suggested the plans of Willard Straight—in which he tried to capture it all for American capital. It is Manchuria, where Japan has wrought wonders and finds a natural and legitimate field for expansion and development. Whether the Lansing-Ishii Agreement was maintained or not, it stated a fundamental fact. Japan's geographical position makes it inevitable that she should play the greatest part in Manchurian development. Willard Straight recognized the fact before he died and admitted his error of judgment. Whatever part we have to play in Manchuria must be through hearty, friendy cooperation with Japan, not through jealous and hostile competition. Mr. Adachi uses English well and tells a fine story. He describes the land and the people; gives enough history to make present tendencies clear; tells of the struggle between Russia (first in the field) and Japan for supremacy; sketches the growth and work of the South Manchurian Railway—a great enterprise; details the facts of agriculture, animal resources, forests, mineral wealth; lists the manufacturing interests, depicting their present status; studies trade and trade routes, transportation, trade tendencies; finally, says a word about the government. There are 108 pages of appendices—documents relating to Manchuria and Manchurian affairs, from the Treaty of Shimonoseki of April 17, 1895, which ended the Chinese-Japanese war up to the Loan Agreement for Railways in Manchuria and Mongolia of September 28, 1918. These are essential for a full understanding of the events which have taken place and the trends now operating. Nowhere else can the reader find the facts he ought to know about Manchuria, so completely and satisfactorily stated as in this "survey" of Mr. Adachi.

A woman with a kindly heart, fair observation, and a facile pen, writes a book about herself and her experiences under the title, "An Immigrant in Japan.[4] She has seen little of the country outside of Yokohama and a nearby seaside village. She went to Japan with her husband, a business man, for business purposes—so she is neither missionary nor tourist. The first part of her book is a lively

3. **Manchuria: A Survey.** Adachi Kinnosuke. New York: 1925. Robert M. McBride & Co. 8°. pp. xvii. 401.

4. **An Immigrant in Japan.** Theodate Geoffrey. Boston and New York: 1925. Houghton-Mifflin Co. 16°. pp. viii. 284.

description of the commonplace things of the life of the foreigners, who lived on "the Bluff" or at the "Grand Hotel." The adjustment to new surroundings, the relations with servants and tradesmen, the inconveniences inherent in the attempts to live as one would at home, the frivolities of the unnatural and unattractive life of "the settlement"—these make up the first chapters of her experience. It was an experience peculiar only in a somewhat unusual kindliness to Japanese idiosyncrasies and in learning Japanese. Of course missionaries and teachers regularly learn the language and make no claim to any remarkable achievement; but the wife of a business man usually knows nothing of the language, after years of residence. Up to this point, the book is little but humdrum, though it is interestingly told humdrum. But there is a second, though brief, part of the story. She writes: "The 'war baby' that paid our salary was evaporating into thin air." As a result, they removed from the foreign settlement in Yokohama to the seaside village. The considerable state and relative grandeur that had been maintained gave way to a simpler scale of living. Life became more serious. It is this village life, in which the "immigrant" came into contact with common Japanese and common—or even less or more than common—stranded foreigners, that makes up the second part of the book. On the whole, Theodate Geoffrey found more reality in the new life than in the old. The book is kindly. It shows the good, in preference to the bad. It is lively—at time informative. It is at its best in such chapters as the Gulf of Alien Civilization—in which the subject of Eurasians is touched.

In "Japanese Exclusion"[5] we have another volume in H. W. Wilson's "Reference Shelf." This plan is now generally known and widely used. It is an excellent idea, well executed. We have recently called attention to the number dealing with "Independence for the Philippines." The method pursued in the present issue is the same. The purpose is to supply to students and debaters, an outline of study and a source of information upon an important question of the day. The question is presented as a resolution for discussion—That Congress should modify the exclusion feature of the Immigration Act of 1924 as it pertains to the Japanese. A brief is first presented, outlining the affirmative and negative argument. A copious bibliography follows bibliographies, general references, affirmative references, negative references. Then a series of reprinted selections fairly presenting both sides is given. The work is well done and the little book guides to a reasonable knowledge of the subject. It is primarily intended for the debater. *The Reference Shelf* has now run to about thirty topics. It serves a useful purpose and deserves a wide publicity.

FREDERICK STARR.

Correspondence

For Such a Friend—Praise and Gratitude!

Unity Publishing Company.
Dear Sirs:

Enclosed please find a check for $18.15 to cover subscription to UNITY for 6 years, ending June 1, 1932. . . .

I am rejoicing at UNITY's success in increasing its circulation, stimulated by Gandhi's articles. May these subscribers stay with you and come to love and appreciate your paper. What UNITY means to me my renewal testifies. I cannot follow Mr. Holmes in his attitude toward the League of Nations, neither can I be with him when he discusses Prohibition, but all this is stimulating. His magnificent and uncompromising stand on behalf of Outlawry of War, of an international brotherhood, of a Church of Humanity embracing all peoples, all races and nationalities gives me renewed hope, and comes to me as a voice, inspiring and strengthening as the deep voice from the ocean upon which I am looking while scribbling these few lines. May UNITY's influence become wider and wider.

JOHN J. JANSEN.

Rockport, Massachusetts.

"The Grandest Fight of Mankind"

Editor of UNITY:

Mightily encouraging are such transports of enthusiasm regarding the world's greatest problem (peace) as are released from worthy minds in your issue for June 7, 1926.

No real lover of humanity—no mind that really cares for the present welfare and future outlook for the dwellers upon earth—who reads and ponders upon what is written by Sydney Strong (pp. 230-31), and by Henry W. Pinkham (pp. 238-39), but must have a thrill at the prospects of this "consummation devoutly to be wished."

Of course, thoughts of a very constructive nature and very definite, far-reaching plans must be outwrought; and these require time. But, to a serious minded person of this day and age, one who is conversant with past and current events of world history, it would seem, truly, that sufficient time has elapsed, sufficient blood and treasure have been spent in vain, to make the way clear and comparatively easy for the gathering of that necessary consensus of "the will to outlaw war," among all so-called civilized nations of earth.

Admittedly, it is possible; and, surely, the time is ripe—past ripe; there is danger that the fruits of past experience may rot, so late is the time, if something effective and lasting be not done at once. Yet, such minds as those mentioned, together with their friends and collaborators in England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, the Scandanavian countries (mentioned, also)—and no telling what of other countries—these minds, awake to the terrible need, and apparently afire with an ardent enthusiasm, born of the logic and rationality of "the cause," the human justice of it all, seem to be standing and waiting for a "leader."

The amount of diplomacy, money, time and printer's ink that have been consumed to no evident purpose of advancement in the matter are food for discouragement, if not disgust with human nature, to say the least. Any one, it seems, could assume to "lead" without being presumptuous. Let any one (of thousands who are capable), like Lieut. G. W. Meyer, of Germany, say "I"—then, confidently add eight ciphers (100,000,000), and you have the first installment of earnest followers.

We are reminded of the famous "Ben" Butler's iconoclastic remark in the U. S. Senate, *in re* resumption of specie payment, after our civil war,—"The way to resume, gentlement, is to resume!"—and they did! Without arms and armament, which all the nations possess and support, now for war, war would be impossible; and no nation could, then, attack another, either "justly" (?) or unjustly. The way, then, to disarm, is to disarm!

It is a matter of common-sense business and logic—has nothing to do, if you please, with a matter of "religion" (so-called), except as that may be considered purely humanistic. It involves a matter of human honesty, confidence, love—all of which, despite centuries of religious teaching, are very rare. God (any "god") can not stop human warfare! We all admit it, from sad past experiences. In fact, most of the gods have approved of it and their devotees have studiously promoted and indulged in it, for ages, up to and including the present day. Its abatement and outlawry are purely civic and secular problems,

5. Japanese Exclusion. Compiled by Julia E. Johnson. New York: 1925. The H. W. Wilson Co. 16°. pp. 184.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

FREDERICK STARR TO VISIT JAPAN

Frederick Starr expects to leave for Japan about August 4, by the "Shidzuoka Maru." The boat is due to reach Yokohama on August 20. After spending a few days at Tokyo, he will make the trip of the Nakasendo (Kisokaido), the old back, mountain highroad from Tokyo to Kyoto. He had arranged to make this journey in 1923, leaving Tokyo on September 3; the earthquake, coming on Sept. 1, interferred with the plan. The trip will be made by jinricksha and on foot, and will require about three weeks. Prof. Starr has already made similar journeys over the Tokaido (1915), the Sanyodo (1917), and the Oshukaido (1917). After this trip he plans to complete his book—*On the Old Highways*. Returning to Tokyo about September 2, he will leave on the 5th for a journey through the southern island, Kyushu. In earlier expeditions, he has visited several towns of Kyushu, but has never gone well over the island. This time he plans a rather complete examination. The people of Kyushu have long urged him to visit them and he anticipates a hearty welcome and an interesting experience. The turning point in this trip will be the city of Kagoshima, at the south end of the island. Before turning northward, he expects to make a trip, for a few days only, to the Loo Choo Islands. Once tributary to China, these islands were for some hundreds of years tributary to the Lord of Satsuma and are now an integral part of the Japanese Empire. The islands are sub-tropical; the people are somewhat different from both Chinese and Japanese and present interesting features for observation. Returning to Kagoshima, the trip through Kyushu will be completed. On reaching Shimonoseki, Prof. Starr will cross to Korea, where he will spend a month. Seoul will be headquarters and a centre from which trips will be made in various directions. An extended trip will be made to Gensan, and thence by a new line of railroad up to Kainei, quite in the northeastern corner of the peninsula, near the Manchurian border. This is the most sparsely settled and least known part of Korea—largely a wild, forested, mountain region. Prof. Starr plans to return from Korea in time to attend the Pan-Pacific Science Congress at Tokyo from October 27 to November 9, as a delegate from the University of Chicago. He expects to present a paper before that meeting upon some results of anthropometric studies of Koreans. The month following the Congress will be filled with odds and ends of work that will take him repeatedly out from Tokyo, into various parts of Japan. Upon his return to Seattle, Prof. Starr hopes to complete and publish his *On the Old Highways* and to finish other writing. He hopes also to materialize two exhibitions at which he has long been working—one on Japanese Toys, the other on early contact between Japan and outside nations. He will reach Seattle late in December in time to send out his New Year cards for the year of the rabbit.

THE ASSOCIATION TO ABOLISH WAR

Purpose

To abolish war, supporting every means to that end, especially spreading the truth about war as the most suicidal folly and futility in which mankind can engage.

Legislative Policy

(1) The outlawing of war, especially by treaties for the peaceable settlement of all disputes without exception, first between the English-speaking peoples, then between our country and all others that are willing; (2) immediate disarmament corresponding to such treaties; (3) cancellation of debts owed by other countries to the United States on account of the war; (4) explicit policy of refusal by our government to protect investments in foreign countries; (5) participation by our government and our people in international conferences and cooperative undertakings; (6) removal of barriers to international trade and intercourse; (7) revision of the Covenant of the League of Nations by cutting out the economic and military sanctions.

Activities

Public meetings, correspondence with peacemakers in various lands, furnishing of articles against war for publication in numerous periodicals, extensive circulation of pamphlets and leaflets against war.

HENRY W. PINKHAM,
Secretary.

7 Wellington Terrace,
Brookline, Mass.

BAPTISTS CONDEMN COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

The Northern Baptist Convention, meeting in Washington, D. C., May 22-30, went beyond last year in moral condemnation of war and added its disapproval of compulsory military training in colleges and high schools.

Resolved, That we once more express our conviction that war is contrary to the spirit and teachings of Jesus; that we are opposed to war as a method for the settlement of international disputes and that we declare our irrevocable determination to substitute the arbitrament of law, reason, and conciliation, for that of slaughter; and that we rejoice in every effort put forth in the interests of a just peace; that we urge all men to ally themselves with efforts for the peaceable settlement of national disputes; and that we

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in which all nations must confer and agree—not on account of "religion," but in spite of it.

The deleted quotation at the head of UNITY, "He hath made of one all nations of men," would reasonably seem to commit you to approval of this last statement. But, anyway, it is, plainly, racial and religious dieffrences that make the problem of the outlawry of war by all nations so difficult a problem; and, while each race or tribe has its own peculiar religion,—its "particular superstitution," as Thomas Jefferson (our third President) called it—still, this problem is international and all-inclusive.

Methinks another thinker, besides Mahatma Gandhi, of the Orient (Persia) who, like Abou Ben Adhem, was a lover of "his fellow men," has come near the scheme for world peace in his immortal poem, The Rubaiyat, when he wrote,

> "Ah! Love, could you and I with him conspire
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
> Remold it nearer to the heart's desire?"

I may not be qualified to pose as a leader in this grandest fight of mankind through the ages, but my real station and name is "legion" and I am writing myself down, right now, as "one of the first 100,000,000 lovers of their fellow men." Let us stop the flow of "the blood of the innocents," using the effort and treasure formerly expended in warfare to lift him up and enlighten him, regardless of race, creed or sect. For, of a truth, humanity is one and of common destiny as well as origin, while life here is hard, at best.

SPENCER M. DEGOLIER.

War Resisters League

Editor of UNITY:

Readers of Sydney Strong's inspiring article in UNITY of June seventh may be interested to know that the War Resisters pledge can be obtained in this country. The War Resisters League, 132 W. 12th St., New York, will be glad to send leaflets and memberships cards upon request.

If you like prompt action, you may prefer to fill out and forward the declaration as follows:

I declare it to be my intention never to take part in war, offensive or defensive, international or civil, whether it be by bearing arms, making or handling munitions, voluntarily subscribing to war loans or using my labor for the purpose of setting others free for war service.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

All signers of the declaration are members of the War Resisters League and the War Resisters International. Active members are those who contribute each year one dollar in dues or ten new signatures.

JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN,
Secretary.

New York City.

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WANTED

Private individual interested in Whitman and Traubel desires to obtain copies of the CONSERVATOR. Address: "Conservator," care of UNITY, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago.

look with disfavor upon compulsory military training in colleges and high schools.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY OPPOSES MILITARY TRAINING

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, at its closing meeting in Baltimore, June 3, adopted without dissenting vote a resolution on peace, the final paragraph of which reads:

"We favor such voluntary drill and training as may seem wise to students and their parents for purposes of precision, obedience and team-work, but we are opposed to forcing students in high schools, colleges, universities, and other educational institutions to any form of military organization or exercise.

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